

# THE DRAMA;

OR,

## *THEATRICAL*

### POCKET MAGAZINE.

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MR. ELLISTON.

Mark with what grace his person is design'd,  
For parts of life, and characters refin'd,  
Where grace, and ease, and sprightliness require  
The sparkling force of brilliancy and fire.  
Where *Archer* strong, but elegantly warm,  
Demands the liveliest happiness of form;  
There ELLISTON's smart person and address,  
Superior rank must certainly possess,  
And ask a just pre-eminence of place,  
While e'er we love vivacity and grace;  
'Tis NATURE tells the generous eye to roll,  
And warms the comic muscles into soul.

ONE of the firmest props of the temple of the *comic* muse is the gentleman whose name heads the present article. The "hey-day of his young blood" has gone by, and the furor of his pursuit for *tragic* fame, which at one period "engrossed his every thought," has subsided into the firm consciousness of those powers, with which there is no actor now on the stage so highly gifted as himself. In genteel comedy, "his natural road to fame," his merit has displayed itself to the highest advantage, and his unrivalled excellence in this branch of the histrionic art has been cordially and universally acknowledged. In the easy polished gentleman of high life,—or the well intentioned rake whose irregularities proceed from an uncontrollable flow of spirits,

and not from any vice either from heart or head, Mr. ELLISON may boldly challenge competition, nor can the stage at the present moment boast of any one who could oppose him with the least likelihood of success. As he has for a considerable time past confined himself entirely to the comic line of business, it is perhaps unnecessary for us to enter into a review of the merits or demerits of his tragic attempts—however, as there are some few of them which still hold a very respectable rank in the estimation of many critics, we shall, we hope, be excused if we are not so tasteless as to brush the dew entirely from his tragic laurels, and bring the principal of them before our readers—at the same time candidly observing, that the very best of them are not exempt from some glaring faults, and which we think are out of the power of the actor entirely to remove. In fact, his faults in tragedy are those which result from his success in comedy. His voice, his manner, his look, are decidedly comic. He can easily be *grave*, but not *stern*—he can be *lively* and *pert*, but not *sarcastic*. His manner in tragedy is apparently comedy constrained; and his style of elocution savours something of affectation—and we often find that a tinge of the comic character will intrude upon the sober chastity which should alone mark the follower of the tragic muse. And yet Mr. E. has at times approached so near to excellence, that we cannot be illiberal enough to censure his attempts—we are much more disposed to approve of them, “for in great attempts ’tis glorious e’en to fail.” His *Hamlet* is a complete failure—his *Macbeth* a highly respectable performance, though he scarcely ever rises even in his best scenes with the strength and genius of a KEAN. In this part, he keeps the even tenor of his course, and apparently has no wish to make any additional impression by novelty of manner, or by the introduction of unexpected point. He does not, certainly, indulge in any trickery; yet his sameness tires, and his monotony displeases us very often. He is not a perfect master of his muscles, and does not possess that facility of nerve which is so eminently the characteristic of our great actor. Mr. E.’s dagger scene is not particular for either merit or demerit. It is played with too long; his return with the daggers is among his best efforts. When the ghost rises from the table, he does not seem so powerfully agi-

tated as the circumstance would warrant. In the last scene, he is generally impressive—and in fact, the whole from the death of *Lady Macbeth* to the contest with *Macduff* is a performance of considerable power and judgment, but in this, as in the dying scene, he falls much, very much below Mr. KEAN. In *Rolla* and *Romeo*, he also gives us some very bright examples of his tact for tragic acting, and in both has he received a considerable share of commendation. In the manly and determined character of *Pierre*, he displays a degree of energy, which, in *such* a part, like the exercise of charity in the moral circle, covereth an infinity of errors. His manner of delivering the following passage is usually much applauded—

“ —To see our senators  
Cheat the people with a show  
Of liberty they ne’er must taste of,” &c.

His vivacious action, and masculine intonation, are well suited to the task of delineating the features of fortitude and ill directed courage, of which that celebrated character is composed. He is peculiarly happy in the dying scene. The “gallant gay *Lothario*,” in the “*Fair Penitent*,” with all the vain and presumptuous bearings of the character, he pourtrays with much effect, and it must be placed among his best performances. But the very best of his personations is that of the *Duke Aranza*, in the “*Honey Moon*”—and here, we may perhaps be allowed the remark, that many parts of this character approximate so nearly to tragedy, that he whose powers are equal to the personation thereof, can never be denied the name of a tragedian. For this part the abilities of Mr. E. are peculiarly adapted; there are not, indeed, many complex or varying passions to pourtray, but what features it possesses are strongly marked, and there are few characters which would appear to less advantage in the hands of an unskilful performer; as this character at the same time allows him also his lively gentility, his imposing dignity, and his amatory fire, it is altogether his finest performance. The *Aranza* of the poet is the prominent point upon which every thing in the play turns and is beheld: the *Duke Aranza* of Mr. E. possesses the same relief—is the same central point—gives every

thing the same prominence and distinction ; but all is natural ;—when he courts his mistress, it is with the gallant obeisance of the prince ; when he commands his wife, it is with the firmness of one who knows his duty and his right ; when he joins in the rustic dance, it is with that familiarity of the gentleman, which in its utmost condescension avoids the air of condescending ; when he ironizes his peevish wife, or pleads sarcastically before his own servant, he does it with a dignified conviction and seriousness that awes the lady while it enrages her. Every person who has seen the "*Honey Moon*," must recollect his consummate union of dignity, satire, and good humour, when he convinces the mock Duke before whom his wife had brought him, how easily she might have perceived the difference

"Between your grace, and such a man as I am."

To those who have witnessed the insinuating submissive respectfulness of Mr. E. in the first part of this character, with his proud assumption of sovereignty, and his sarcastic taunts in the last ; a minute criticism would be useless ; and to those who have not, the most laborious would fail to give an adequate idea of its beauty :—suffice it to say, that it may be ranked as one among the brightest ornaments of the British drama.

His *Joseph Surface* is a master piece of dissimulation, and the emotions of detected hypocrisy are strikingly manifested in the punishment of his guilt. The portraiture is faithful, and the impression it makes must be lasting. No false glosses hide the real character : every feeling is painted—every emotion is described. It is a character in the highest degree finished and complete. In the part of *Leon*, in "*Rule a Wife and have a Wife*," Mr. E. seems completely in unison with the portrait of the author's fancy. He exhibits the pliancy of mental imbecility—the firmness of the conscious-seated mind, with a versatility unequalled. It is in the first instance, a character to which few can stoop : it is in the latest scenes one to which few can rise. It is difficult to say whether Mr. E. excels most in the former or latter part. His idiocy is, perhaps, among the most perfect copies of nature, both in this piece, and as the *Three Singles*, in the "*Three and the Deuce*," where, indeed, his excellence is as much beyond comparison as it is

above praise. In *Leon*, he has no rival—in the latter piece he has no equal. In the part of the soldier, *Mercutio*, he is open, bold, and brave, full of the spirit of wit and contradiction, energetic, and easy; the performance is a fine specimen of skill, and finds no parallel but in some other of his characters.

His *Archer* is also an exquisite performance; the gay thoughtless spendthrift who can foresee no calamity although reduced to shifts which a too proud spirit would sink under; the gentleman preserving his polish in a livery, though associating with the servants of a clown; the fortune hunter with a honest heart, are admirably concentrated by this first comedian of the age—and the man who can witness his representation of this interesting character (strangely compounded of vice and virtue) with indifference must have an apathy of soul by no means enviable. Nor must his *Harry Dornton* be forgotten. Without meaning to hold up this as a particularly well-finished picture (which it certainly is not) it is impossible to withhold a due share of praise from the author, who has thus depicted in the strongest colours, the danger into which thoughtlessness and prodigality invariably lead their followers. *Harry Dornton* is a man of strong passions, with a good heart; his want of consideration drags not only himself, but his father, his friends, and all within his vortex, to the very brink of ruin. Horror-struck at the desolation he has occasioned, he would sacrifice himself to save those his heart tells him he has injured, from the destruction which he has brought upon them, to worse than death. From this sacrifice he is saved almost by miracle, and a sudden, but all things considered, not improbable reformation is worked upon him. Such are the outlines of this character—a character for which it is paying Mr. E. no compliment to say he has done as much as the designer. His whole soul seems to enter into the feelings of the distracted penitent, and every sentence he utters, enters with irresistible force “the heart of hearts” of all his hearers.

His *Sheva*, in “*the Jew*,” is also a rich treat to the lovers of true comic talent. He assumes all the peculiarities of the Mosaic descendants in the most decided manner;—the restless and inquisitive manner—the vivacious lie—the

mercantile solicitude about "*goot pargains*"—and the lively and pertinent tones of the *Jew*, are excellently counterfeited; yet it must be occasionally observed, they are counterfeited. Mr. E. will sometimes be peeping through the garb of *Sheva*; the gentleman will preponderate over the *Jew*, and soften too much the open, but rugged benevolence of the character. *Job Thornberry*, in "*John Bull*," although at first sight a character entirely foreign to his powers, he has played with very great judgment and ability. We do not know any character in any drama where the rough, but estimable propensities of an English heart, are so faithfully delineated as in this—it is a semblance of *John Bull* in dramatic personification—and the blunt but honest brazier is a perfect picture of an unsophisticated Englishman. It is no small credit to Mr. E. to say, that this resemblance was hit off with the utmost truth and precision, and we are surprised that the play, which is one of the best the English stage can boast of, is not oftener performed. In "*the Mountaineers*," his performance of *Octavian* has always been reckoned a master-piece. Sorrow and joy, regret and indulged memory, despair and hope, love and hatred, the collectedness of reason, and the scatter of insanity, rush over his features, in the performance of this part, with alternate mastery.

Mr. E.'s peculiar warmth of feeling has rendered him the best lover on the stage, and this single superiority has given him a greater range of characters than any one talent he could possess. When he makes love, he appears literally to live in the object before him; he shews a most original earnestness in his approach and in his devoirs to his mistress, he enters into all her ideas—he accompanies her speech with affectionate gestures of assent or anticipation—he dwells upon her face while she is talking to another; in short, he is his fair one's shadow which obeys her slightest movement with simultaneous acknowledgment. His love is equally natural in all its shapes; in the self-tormenting suspicions of *SHERIDAN'S Falkland*—in the assumed gaiety and side chagrin of *Frederick*, in "*Matrimony*"—and in the affectation of alternate submissiveness and tyranny—the pretended indifference—the dry raillery—and lastly, the dignified affection of *Aranza*. His performance

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of the second character is, perhaps, a perfect specimen of real love affecting indifference and at length yielding to its object. The scene in which both himself and young wife are unexpectedly confined in the same room after a voluntary separation, and the gradual approach of their hearts, divided as they had been by wayward circumstance rather than by loss of affection, are managed with a delicacy superior to any theatric picture of simplicity ever seen, and is, in fact, altogether the most complete scene of amorous quarrel we ever witnessed.

[*To be resumed.*]

## QUERIES

### TO METROPOLITAN MANAGERS.

*Drury Lane.*—"In a multitude of counsellors there is safety," so said the wise man; but we doubt whether the maxim holds good in the case of managers. Has not the first tragedian of the day reason to feel anxious respecting which of the numerous cooks of this establishment will have the honour of spoiling his broth?

*Covent Garden.*—"A house divided against itself cannot stand." Can the directors of this theatre inform us, whether they continue to exhibit an application of *Æsop's* fable of the bundle of sticks?

*Haymarket.*—Why have the managers of this temple of *Thalia* been so far influenced by the "magic of a name," as to deem an apology necessary for so *striking an improvement* in the cast of their pieces, as the substitution of Miss LOVE for Miss PATON?

*English Opera.*—Without meaning to disparage Mr. BARTLEY's performance of *Plush*, in "*A Dun a Day*," which is far from contemptible, we cannot avoid enquiring by what infelicitous management the part has been assigned to that gentleman at all. It is one which would *fit* KEELEY so admirably in every respect, that we would readily bet long odds that the author must have *taken measure* of him in his mind's eye when he wrote the part, and could have had no other performer in his eye. We consider this mis-

arrangement not only as an injury done to the audience and to Mr. KEELEY, but to Mr. BARTLEY likewise, as it is impossible for those who have witnessed the inimitable performance of the former actor in *Rumfit*, at Covent Garden, not to make comparisons necessarily unfavourable to the present attempt of the latter gentleman.

While we are on the subject of this house, we cannot help expressing our regret that a performer, who in his own peculiar line stands altogether unrivalled, should be betrayed into so palpable an irregularity as to attempt the regular drama.

*Surrey.*—It is with pleasure that we perceive that deservedly favourite actor, Mr. JOHN REEVE, engaged here. Is this an earnest of the proprietor's intention to let the *living ornaments* of the theatre be in future the principal object of his attention, and to regard the exertions of performers as of more importance than those of painters? We would fain hope that this is the case. Q.

## NUGÆ DRAMATICÆ.

BY G. J. DE WILDE.

No. IV.

ADELE.

“Heaven can witness though guilty to them,  
I have been but too faithful to thee.”

MOORE.

*Walter.* Nay, Adèle, this is worse than childishness; Excess of feeling is a weakness.—Girl, I deem'd thy heart too warm with patriot-blood, To suffer thee thus carelessly to weep For one who nobly dares to serve his country, Or die in her defence.

*Adèle.* Were there a hope, However fragile, that she might be saved, E'en were her safety purchased with his blood, I think I could behold him on his bier,—



If not with stoic firmness, nor a cheek  
 Unblanch'd, nor eyes undim'd with tears, nor limbs  
 Unfaltering, yet still without a murmur  
 Passing my lips ;—but no, it may not be ;  
 Unhappy Switzerland, thy hour is come !  
 What, 'gainst the tyrant myriads Gallia sends,  
 Can thy undaunted few ? tho' every arm  
 Had more than twice the power of the oppressor,  
 Onward they come, like the dread avalanche,  
 In overwhelming desolation, and  
 We must be slaves, tho' those we love be slaughter'd.

*Walter.* Slaves !—Shall Helvetia cower to the tyrant ?  
 No, Adèle, never !—Liberty instils  
 Into the souls of those who dare espouse  
 The cause of one so wrong'd, a nameless sense,  
 A quenchless fire, a superhuman strength  
 To crush the oppressor : and e'en should the worst  
 Arrive, should all be lost,—behold Adèle,  
 This arm is old and feeble ; but although  
 It cannot, as it once could, cleave to earth  
 Helvetia's enemies, it can direct  
 A dagger to its master's heart—it can  
 Render the soul as mountain torrents free !  
 Adèle, thou weepest :—my poor girl, forgive me :—  
 I had forgotten thou art young, and hast  
 More ties than I to bind thee to this earth.  
 Nay, calm thee, calm thee ; Arnold *may* return.

*Adèle.* Impossible—impossible ! I've felt  
 His last kiss on my lips, and it was cold :  
 It told too well it was his last :—his eye  
 Had an unearthly fire—a wildness—frenzy,  
 That ne'er can be forgotten :—how could it ?  
 Knowing I ne'er shall meet his glance again.

*Enter ARNOLD :—he gazes wildly around, then catches  
 Adèle in his arms.*

*Adèle.* Oh, God ! my Arnold !

*Walter.* Can it, can it be ?  
 God of my country, let me now expire !  
 Helvetia triumphs, and my child is blest !

*Arnold.* Old man, forbear, torture me not to madness.  
 Heap every curse that since the fratricide  
 Hath been invented—brand me with each name  
 Of infamy thy memory can present,  
 Or brain shape out, and when thy task is o'er,  
 Not half I merit thou'lt have given me.

*Adèle.* Arnold, what meanest thou?—whence this fren-  
 zied look?

Why hide thy face?—the brow of shame alone  
 Should be conceal'd; but thine, where honour sits  
 Enthron'd in splendour—

*Arnold.* Adèle, dear Adèle,  
 In mercy cease—leave, leave a wretch like me,  
 Unworthy thee—unworthy name or country.  
 Talk not to me of honour, if thou would'st not  
 Drive me to madness quite.

*Walter.* Father of mercies!  
 And is it possible?—A dreadful light  
 Shows me thy words in all their horrid truth!  
 Arnold, I dare not tell the name I fear  
 Thou meritest—what shall I call thee?

*Arnold.* Coward!  
 Now curse me—fly me.

*Walter.* Curse thee?—no, there is  
 A heavier curse upon thee than my tongue  
 Ever can utter.—Boy, a nation's groans  
 Resounding in thine ears will toll a curse  
 Upon thy name, shall echo thro' the world.—  
 Fly thee?—no, Arnold; for there is a link  
 Has bound us makes thy honour to this heart  
 Dear as mine own, and that I held far dearer  
 Than all that life could give, or life itself.  
 Fly thee? no; it were vain; for when the shout  
 Of France victorious bursts upon mine ear,  
 Ere it has ceased, I shall have ceased to be.

[*Exit.*]

*Adèle.* Arnold!

*Arnold.* Why, Adèle, art thou here? Fly, seek  
 Some spot secure from my wrong'd country's wrath:  
 They'll tear thee piecemeal should'st thou be discover'd.  
 All that would call to mind the traitor Arnold,  
 Will perish.

*Adèle.* Arnold, thou hast cherish'd me  
 In thy prosperity, when every tongue  
 Made all our vallies echo with thy praise ;  
 I loved thee then,—nay, more, I idolized thee :—  
 Oh, how my heart would throb with pride, when I  
 At eventide have heard the peasant girl,  
 As light of heart she sought the trysting spot,  
 Carol the lay whose burthen still was “ Arnold ! ”  
 It may not be again—yet do not deem  
 I love thee less ; no, Arnold ; faithful love  
 Can heed no crimes save those against itself,  
 Too oft not those.—If thou'rt a guilty one,  
 Fallen in fortunes as in fame, my duty  
 Calls me more closely to thy side. It is  
 In sorrow only that the wife can prove  
 Her value o'er the mistress : the degraded  
 And hapless thing who barter's self for gold,  
 While fortune's lamp beam'd bright, might follow thee ;  
 But not as I will, in thy misery,  
 Thy shame—and guilt—if guilt and shame be thine.

*Arnold.* Excellent girl ! oh, Adèle ! surely, wealth,  
 Fame, all are cheaply barter'd for such love.

*(Embraces her, then suddenly starts from her, and ex-claims)*

Woman ! what magic lurks within thy form !  
 For thee the first man left a paradise,  
 And oh, how many of his weak descendants  
 Plunge into infamy and wretchedness  
 To gain thy smile ! and who more weak than I ?  
 Weak—guilty rather—what have I not done ?  
 Changed my bright honours for a traitor's name,  
 Barter'd my country's blessing for its curse ;  
 And in the hour when most it claim'd my aid,  
 I fled to woman's arms, and left the land—  
 My native land, a prey to desolation. *(Shouts.)*  
 My country—now—they tear thy vitals now !  
 I shall go mad !—Off, basilisk ! the light  
 That fired the hell that burns me now was kindled  
 By thee, fell traitress, thee !—break but those shouts  
 Again, and I shall kill thee !

*(Pauses, then in a softened tone.)*

My Adèle,  
 Pardon me : my poor girl, look not so pale.  
 I wrong thee ; I alone am guilty, if  
 Excess of love be guilt. I fancied thee  
 In danger—wild imagination shew'd  
 That lovely form struggling in barbarous hands ;  
 The thought was madness, and it made me traitor.  
 Adèle, I go—not to repair my fault,  
 It is past reparation,—but I go  
 To meet its punishment. Farewell, for ever !

*Adèle.* Oh, leave me not ! Stay, Arnold, leave me not !  
 Let us at least expire together.—Arnold,  
 I do conjure thee, by thy hopes of heaven—

*Arnold.* I have none ; I betray'd my country. Hark !  
 (Shouts.)  
 Again, again !—I come ! [Exit.  
*Adèle.* Oh, God, protect him ! (Falls senseless.)

## SCENE II.—*The Alps—Sunset.*

*Enter ARNOLD bleeding—his sword broken and bearing the  
 dead body of Walter.*

*Arnold.* 'Tis over—he is gone—the fatal blow  
 I strove in vain to turn from him.—Gone, gone !  
 His life-blood soaks the plain.—Dauntless of heart,  
 Thine aged limbs deserved a calmer death-bed  
 Than this hot scene of carnage could bestow.  
 Oh, I could weep—I am a very child  
 In spirit now. How bare, how fall'n a wretch  
 Am I ! how vile compared with this cold clay !  
 Once how I shudder'd lest my name should be  
 Forgotten when my heart had ceas'd to beat ;  
 Now what would I not give to be assur'd  
 The waters of oblivion will efface  
 All traces of my having been ? for never  
 Will my name be breathed without a curse !

*Enter ADELE.*

*Adèle.* My Arnold !—oh, my God ! what sight is this ?  
 Oh, my poor father ! (Faints on the body.)

*Arnold.* Adèle, fare thee well.

Forgive me—but I could—I could not save him.

Hark!—hark! they come.—(*Shouts.*)—Adèle, they shall not say

I died their prisoner.—One kiss, Adèle.—

Thy lips are cold, heaven grant thy heart so too.

(*Shouts again.*)

Farewell—farewell—this frees me.

(*Leaps down the precipice.*)

*Enter DAUPHIN and Troops, SIGISMOND, the Austrian Duke, &c.*

*Dauphin.* Our chase is over—Death hath done his work

Ere our arrival—Heaven! the veteran

Whose desperate bravery we mark'd of late!—

I would he had been saved.

*Sigismond.* Most noble prince,

Some youth with spirit equal to his own,

And arm more powerful, was at his side:

Till he is found the battle is not gain'd.

*Dauphin.* Fear not—behold upon those pointed crags,

Are human limbs yet quivering with life;

Doubtless the relics of his form:—'tis dreadful!

His bravery deserv'd a better fate.

(*Seeing Adèle.*) But this fair flower is far too lovely

To droop alone unpitied 'midst the storm.

Some water—haste—her heart beats still—she lives.

*Adèle.* Where am I—where is Arnold? oh, I see

I—I am not your prisoner—away,

Adèle is free as you.

(*Dies.*)

*Dauphin.* Her heart has burst.

Mary-le-bone, 1823.

## THE STAGE DURING THE CIVIL WARS.

The state of theatricals during the interval between the death of SHAKSPEARE, and the prohibition of stage performances by ordinance of parliament, in 1648, is entertainingly illustrated in two scarce tracts in the British Museum,

which have not been noticed by our dramatic collectors. In one of these, printed 1641, (the plague year) entitled "*The Stage-Players Complaint, in a pleasant Dialogue between CANE of the Fortune, and REED of the Friars, deploring their sad and solitary Condition for Want of Employment in this heavie and contagious Time of the Plague in London :*" they are made to condole together.

CANE. Oh ! the times, when my heeles have capered o'er the stage as light as a finche's feather.

REED. But (alas !) we must looke for no more of those times I fear.

CANE. Why so ? Dost thou thinke, because a cloud sometimes may cover and obnubilate the sun, that it will therefore shine no more ? Yes, I'll warrant you, and that more bright too : so never feare, boy, but we shall get the day againe for all this.

REED. But I'll assure you 'tis to be feared. For monopolizers are downe ; the high commission is downe ; the star-chamber is downe ; and (some thinke) bishops will downe ; and why should we then, that are farre inferior to any of those, not justly feare lest we should be downe too ?

CANE. Pish ! I can shew thee many infallible reasons to the contrary ; we are very necessary and commodious to all people. First, for strangers, who can desire no better recreation than to come and see a play ; then for citizens to feast their wits ; then for gallants, who otherwise, perhaps, would spend their money in drunkennesse and lasciviousnesse, doe find great delight and delectation to see a play ; then for the learned, it does increase and adde wit, constructively, to wit ; then for gentlewomen, it teaches them how to deceive idlenesse : then for the ignorant, it does augment their knowledge. Pish ! a thousand more arguments I could adde, but that I should wearie your patience too much. Well ! in a word, we are so needfull to the common good, that in some respects it were almost a sinne to put us downe.

A second pamphlet, published towards the close of the year 1643, has the following title :—" *The Actor's Remonstrance, or Complaint, for the silencing of their Profession, and banishment from their several Playhouses, in which is fully set down their grievances from their re-*

*straint, especially since Stage-Players only, of all publicke Recreations, are prohibited; the exercise at the Bear's College, (1) and the motions of Puppets, being still in force and vigour."* In this piece are many hints and allusions as to the nature and management of the London theatres near that period, their frequenters, and the various persons employed in them, highly curious. The appeal is couched in the form of a petition to Phœbus and the Muses.

"Oppressed (the petitioners begin) with many calamities, and languishing to death under the burthen of a long and (for ought we know) everlasting restraint, wee, the comedians, tragedians, and actors, of all sorts and sizes, belonging to the famous private and publick houses within the city of London, and the suburbs thereof, in all humility present this our lamentable complaint.

"First, it is not unknowne to all the audiences that have frequented the private houses of *Blackfriars*, the *Cockpit*, and *Salisbury Court*, that wee have purged our stages from all obscene and scurrilous jests, such as might either be guilty of corrupting the manners, or defaming the persons of any men of note in the city or kingdom; that wee have endeavoured, as much as in us lies, to instruct one another in the true and genuine art of acting, to repress bawling and ranting, formerly in great request, and for to suit our language and action to the more gentile and natural garb of the times. Yet are we, by authority, restrained from the practice of our profession, and left to live upon our shifts, or the expense of our former gettings, to the great impoverishment and utter undoings of ourselves, wives, children, and dependants. Besides, which is, of all others, our greatest grievance, that playes being put downe, under the name of publick recreation, other recreations of farre more harmfull consequence are permitted still to stand, viz. that nurse of barbarism and beastlinesse, the *Bear Garden*, where, upon their usuall dayes, those demi-monsters are baited by ban-dogs; the gentlemen of *Stave* and *Taile*, namely, cutting cobblers, hard-handed masons, and the like rioting companions, re-

(1) Bear Garden, on the Bankside, Southwark.

sorting thither with as much freedome as formerly, making, with their sweat and crowding, a farre worse stink than the ill-formed beastes they persecute with their dogs and whips ; pickpockets, which in an age are not heard of in any of our houses, repairing there, with other disturbers of the publike peace, which dare not be seen in our civill and well-governed theatres, where none used to come but the best of the nobility and gentry. And though some have taxed our houses unjustly, for being the receptacles of harlots, the exchange where they meet, and make their bargains with their frank chapmen of the country and city, yet we may justly excuse ourselves of either knowledge or consent in these lewd practices, we having no prophetike soules to know women's honesty by instinct, nor commission to examine them ; and if we had, worthy were those wretches of *Bridewell*, that oute of their own mouthes would convict themselves of lasciviousnesse."

" '*Puppet Plays*,' which are not so valuable as the *very musique between each act* at our's, are still kept up with uncontrolled allowance ; witness the famous motion of '*Bel and the Dragon*,' so frequently visited at *Holborne Bridge* these passed Christmasse holidays ; whither citizens of all parts repaire, with farre more detriment to themselves than ever did the playes, comedies and tragedies being the lively representations of men's actions, in which vice is alwayes sharply glanced at and punished, vertue rewarded and encouraged, and the most exact and naturall eloquence of our English language expressed and duly amplified, and yet for all this do we suffer in various ways."

In this statement we find a number of particulars worthy of notice, as that the stage theretofore had justified, in a great measure, the complaints made by moralists against it, being admitted to have indulged in "obscene and scurrilous jests, and to have been a corrupter of manners." The repressing of the bawling and ranting formerly in request, and "suiting the language and action to the more gentile (gentle) and natural garb of the times," strongly reminds us of *Hamlet's* instructions to the players, as does the passage afterwards respecting tragedies and



comedies. The company frequenting theatres then, appear to have been much the same as at present, with the remarkable exception of there being no pickpockets, which are said, "in an age, not to be seen or heard of in any of the houses." In exemplifying the injurious consequences of the houses being shut up, more particularly as it regarded the various members of the theatrical body, we have an interesting enumeration of the different persons employed at them, their habits, perquisites, conditions, &c.

"First (say they) our *housekeepers*, that grew wealthy by our endeavours, complain that they are enforced to pay the ground-landlord's rents, during this long vacation, out of their former gettings; and instead of *ten, twenty, yea, thirty shilling* shares, which used nightly to adorne and comfort, with their harmonious musique, their large and well-stuffed pockets, they have shares in nothing with us now but our misfortunes, living merely out of the stock, out of the interest and principall of their former gotten moneys, which daily are exhausted by the maintenance of themselves and families. For ourselves, (the *actors*) such as were sharers, are so impoverished, that were it not for some slender helps afforded us in this time of calamitie, by our former providence, we might be enforced to act our own tragedies. Our *hired men* are dispersed, some turned soldiers and trumpeters, others destined to meane courses, or depending upon us, whom, in courtesie, we cannot see want, for old acquaintance sake. Their friends, young gentlemen, that used to feast and frolick with them at taverns, having either quitted the kin in these times of distraction, or their money having quitted them, they are ashamed to look upon their old expensive friends. Nay, their verie mistresses, those buxom and bountiful lasses, that usually were enamoured of the persons of the younger sort of actors, for the good cloathes they wore upon the stage (believing them to be the persons they did only represent) are quite out of sorts themselves, and so disabled from supplying these poor friends' necessities."

The custom at this time of having *fools* on the stage, as also *boys* to play the female characters, is thus alluded to :

"Our *fooles*, who had wont to allure and excite laughter with their countenances, at their first appearance on

the stage (hard shifts are better than none), are enforced some of them at least, to maintaine themselves by vertue of their baubles. Our *boyes*, ere we shall have libertie to act againe, will be growne out of use like crackt organ pipes, and have faces as old as our flags. Nay, our verie *doore-keepers*, men and women, most grievously complain, that by this cessation they are robbed of the privilege of stealing from us with licence: they cannot now seeme to scratch their heads where they itch not, and drop shillings and half-crown pieces in at their collars. Our *musicke*, that was held so delectable and precious, that they scorned to go to a taverne under twentie shillings salary for two houres, now wander with their instruments under their cloakes, I meane such as have any, into all houses of good-fellowship, saluting every roome where there is company, with ‘*will you have any musike, gentlemen?*’ For our *tire-men*, and others that belonged formerly to our wardrobe, with the rest they are out of service, our stock of *cloaths*, such as are not in tribulation for the generall use, being a sacrifice to moths.”

The musick here mentioned, appears to have been a regular band. The custom of playing *between the acts* has been before noticed, and added to the *tire-men* or dress-makers, wardrobe, &c. seems to have left nothing wanting in our ancient theatres more than the present, except *scenery*, which is no where hinted at in this very curious tract. The account of the *tobacco-men*, or those who served the audience with tobacco for smoking during the performances, (a custom mentioned by HENTZNER to have existed in the reign of Queen ELIZABETH) and the remuneration or payment then given to the dramatic writers on the establishment, next mentioned, is interesting.

“The *tobacco-men* that used to walk up and down, selling for a penny a pipe, that which was not worth twelvenpence a horse-load, are now found under tapsters in inns and tipling houses. Nay, such a terrible distresse and dissolution hath befallen us, that it hath quite unmade our hopes of future recoverie. For some of our ablest ordinary poets, instead of their *annuall stipends and beneficiall second daies*, being, for meere necessitie, compelled to get a living by writing contemptible penny pamphlets, and feigning miraculous stories and unheard-of battels. Nay,

it is to be feared that shortly some of them will be incited to write ballads."

The petitioners conclude, in consequence of these evils, by invoking the powerful intercession of PHŒBUS, that they may be reinstated in their former houses and calling, and promise, in return, to admit none but reputable females into their sixpenny rooms, or boxes; to permit nothing but the best tobacco to be sold in the theatre; to avoid ribaldry, and, generally, so to demean themselves, that they shall no longer be deemed ungodly.

"We promise (say they) never to admit into our *sixpenny* roomes those unwholesome, enticing harlots, that sit there meerely to be taken up by 'prentices and lawyers' clerks, nor any female of what degree soever, unless they come lawfully with their husbands, or neer allies: the abuses in *tobacco* shall be reformed, none vended, not so much as in the *threepenny galleries*, unlesse of the pure Spanish leaf. For ribaldry, or any such paltry stuff as may scandal the pious, we will utterly expel it; and, finally, will hereafter so demean ourselves, as none shall esteeme us ungodly: nor will we entertaine any comedian that shall speak his part in a tone, as if he did it in derision of the pious, but reforme all our disorders, and amend all our amisses."

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## SHAKSPERIANA.

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### No. XIV.

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*Consisting of Anecdotes, Fragments, and Remarks, relating to SHAKSPEARE, collected and re-collected from every authentic source.* BY G. CREED.

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"——she never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm i'the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought,  
And with a green and yellow melancholy,  
She sat like Patience on a monument,  
Smiling at Grief."

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How justly celebrated are these lines! and let me observe

that they prove a certain elegance of thought, a certain delicate tenderness, for which SHAKSPEARE, I think, has not been generally celebrated. Nothing surely can be more sentimental ; and yet let me venture at an objection, where all the world seems hitherto to have approved. Is there not something of a faulty image, something of a displeasing idea conveyed in that "green and yellow melancholy ?" It may, indeed, represent sickness, and such sickness as was produced by the delicate love SHAKSPEARE describes : but yet, methinks, he rather lessens than increases our compassionate concern, by telling us expressly, that the countenance of the sufferer was tinged with green and yellow. I fear it is natural for us to pity, not in proportion to feminine distress, but in proportion as we are struck with the beauty of the sufferer ; and that our pity is always comparatively weak, when we are disgusted with the object. This hue of countenance necessarily disgusts ; and the idea of it is, therefore, incongruous to that tender, that almost amorous concern which the rest of the picture so forcibly excites. I speak, however, with the utmost deference to the genius of SHAKSPEARE and the public judgment, by which this passage has not only been approved but admired.

GREVILLE.

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SHAKSPEARE.

" Oh, fairly AVON's river flows,  
And gentle is the tide,  
Where the embattled turret glows  
To grace that river's side.

" And fairly STRATFORD's abbey fane  
Appears above the stream,  
And fair the chancel's storied pane  
Reflects the sunny beam.

" The beam that flits upon the tomb  
Where SHAKSPEARE's ashes lie,  
And shadowy monarchs thro' the gloom  
Arise in majesty.

" They rise to bless the bard who gave  
Once more their parted breath,  
And while they flit around the grave  
Defy the dart of death.

" And still that simple tomb presents  
More beauties to the view,  
Than all the sculptured monuments  
Of CLOPTON or CAREW.(1)

" And so till time his course shall cease,  
And render back his spoil,  
Shall SHAKSPEARE'S ashes rest in peace  
Upon his native soil."

Thus, said I, as the bridge I past  
To gain the further shore,  
But cold December's chilly blast  
Had swept the margin o'er.

No more with varied beauties fraught  
To aid the peaceful song,  
But like its bard's impetuous thought  
Wildly it rush'd along.

And louder blew the wind and higher,  
Before I lost the lofty spire.

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MERCHANT OF VENICE, ACT II. SCENE 2.

*Gob.* Thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin,  
my *thill* horse, has on his tail.

In some counties, it seems, this is pronounced *thill*, in others *fill*. The former is the true word, for it is pure Saxon: and it meant originally not exactly the shafts of a cart, or waggon, but the draught-tree, to which they are fixed. This convertability of *Th* into *F* or *Ph* is curious, because it is well known that what was *Theta* in one of the Greek dialects was *Phi* in another.

*Gob.* His master and he (saving your worship's reverence) are scarce *cator*-cousins.

That is—his master and he scarcely like one another as

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(1) GEORGE CAREW, Earl of TOTNESS, Lord CAREW of Clopton, has a beautiful monument in Stratford church; he was created Earl of TOTNESS 1625. Sir HUGH CLOPTON built the bridge over the River Avon in the reign of HENRY VII. and was buried in the church beneath an altar tomb adorned with his armorial ensigns, &c.

well as if they were *fourth* cousins; the French *Quatre* being here imitated, instead of *Quatrieme*. In speaking of cards and dice, *cater* is the common corruption of *Quatre*.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Por.* If you had known the virtue of the ring,  
Or half her worthiness, that gave the ring,  
*Or your own honour to contain the ring.*

Here we may see again how necessary it is, in construing passages in writers of the sixteenth century, to recur to the primitive sense of words, derived from the Latin, or Greek, and then so newly derived, as to be much more strictly used than they now are by us, who generally take one of their meanings to the exclusion of all other. Attending to this rule, we instantly get through the obscurity of the latter line, and read—or how much it concerned your honour to hold the ring.

## AS YOU LIKE IT, ACT I. SCENE I.

*Oliv.* — so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether *misprised*.

The sense of this word, which is so nearly French, is now obsolete. *Mistaken* has supplanted it. The old sense remains in the term *misprision* of treason, *i. e.* the having taken it improperly, in not revealing it. We have again in this play, “Your reputation shall not therefore be *misprised*.”

## NUMBER OF LINES IN SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

The following computation is, I believe, the first hitherto made of the number of lines contained in the admitted Dramas of SHAKSPEARE.

Winter's Tale.....	3343
Twelfth Night.....	2608
Comedy of Errors.....	1807
Measure for Measure.....	2914
Tempest.....	2245
Merchant of Venice.....	2709
Love's Labour Lost.....	2814

Much ado about Nothing .....	2707
As You Like It .....	2780
Taming the Shrew .....	2285
Merry Wives of Windsor .....	2829
Two Gentlemen of Verona.....	2306
King John .....	2639
Richard II.....	2794
King Henry IV. Part I.....	3116
—————Part II.....	3265
Henry V.....	3272
Midsummer Night's Dream .....	2182
All's Well that Ends Well.....	3094
Henry VI. Part I. ....	2695
————— Part II. ....	3072
————— Part III.....	2913
Richard III.....	3050
Henry VIII.....	3175
Hamlet .....	4085
Macbeth .....	2341
Othello .....	3564
Timon of Athens .....	2490
Anthony and Cleopatra .....	3509
King Lear .....	3442
Cymbeline .....	3718
Coriolanus .....	3767
Julius Cæsar .....	2599
Romeo and Juliet .....	3057
Titus Andronicus .....	2539
Troilus and Cressida.....	3575

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#### ANACHRONISM IN SHAKSPEARE.

In addition to the Anachronisms which I have given of "*Troilus and Cressida*" in Vol. ii. pp. 227, the following is intitled to mention. "*A galled goose of Winchester*" in the concluding speech of *Pandarus* in the play.—He says—

"Brethren and sisters, of the hold-door trade,  
Some two months hence, my will shall here be made;

It should be now, but that my fear is this—  
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss." (1)

(1) The public stews were antiently under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Winchester; they were a range of buildings on the bankside Southwark, near to his palace, and in the language of STOWE were "for the repair of incontinent men to the like women." They were denominated "The Bordello, or Stew houses," and there are some very curious particulars and privileges concerning them upon record. [Vide HUGHSON'S *description of London*, vol. iv. p. 470.] In the 4th Rich. 2d. these houses, then belonging to Sir WILLIAM WALWORTH, Lord Mayor of London, were farmed by different Froes of Flanders, and were spoiled by WAT TYLER, and other rebels of Kent. FABIAN informs us, that in the year 1506, during the reign of King HENRY VII. "the said stewhouses were for a season inhabited, and the doors closed up. But it was not long," saith he, "ere the houses there were set open again, so many as were permitted; for as it was said whereas before were eighteen houses, from thenceforth were appointed to be used but twelve only." These allowed stew houses, had signs on their fronts, towards the Thames, not hung out, but painted on the walls, as a Boar's head, the Cross Keys, the Gun, the Coney, the Castle, the Crane, the Cardinal's Hat, the Bull, the Swan, &c. "I have heard, (says STOWE) "ancient men of good credit report, that these single women were forbidden the rights of the church so long as they continued that sinful life, and were excluded from christian burial, if they were not reconciled before their death. And therefore there was a plot of ground called "*The single women's church yard*," appointed for them, far from the parish church. In 1546, during the reign of HENRY VIII., this row of stews was put down by the king's commandment, proclaimed by sound of trumpet no more to be privileged and used as common brothels; but the inhabitants to keep good and honest rules as other places of this realm, &c. From the above circumstance of these places being licensed by the Bishop of Winchester, a particular symptom of the lues venera was called a *Winchester Goose*, and this accounts for the origin of SHAKESPEARE'S sentences.



## ON SHAKSPEARE'S FAULTS AND BEAUTIES.

Many are the little cavillers, who, like summer insects, buzz and skirmish round the majesty of SHAKSPEARE. For my part, I cannot hesitate to pronounce him the greatest of all poets, ancient or modern. It has been seriously objected to him, that he mixes together buffoonery and tragedy, but these critics forgot that the poet was born of nature; themselves of art. There is no wonder that the poet and the critics disagree. Do we not see in life the serious and the comic alternately exhibited, within the extension of every little hour? what boundless variety enchants the reader of the dramas of SHAKSPEARE! what dullness and sorrowful apathy reign throughout the productions of those who take the critic's counsel! his pathetic pieces are not less pathetic on this account; but perhaps the more so. The human mind cannot sustain a continual pressure of sorrow; it grows weary, and in some measure disgusted, with the uniformity of misery; an interval of milder scenes, naturally introduced, relieves and refreshes, and the heart returns to the land of woe with great appetite and interest. The contrast too has a deeper colour. Beware, ye critics, how ye touch the hallowed mantle which our *celestial* poet borrowed of Apollo! But SHAKSPEARE was human, and therefore imperfect. His faults consist chiefly in the occasional extravagancy of his metaphors. He is the most figurative of all writers. His beauties consist in the use, and his errors in the abuse, of tropes. He is sometimes tedious and repetitious, but his knowledge of the heart appears supernatural; it was various and extensive, for he travelled over the whole region of passions; it was also minute; he saw, as through an optic glass, its most delicate fibres. What a store of mental treasure, of the most costly nature, did he accumulate in a short space of time!—DRYDEN says, he was naturally learned; and ROWE is of opinion, "that as *art* had so little, and *nature* so large a portion in what he did, that probably his first productions were the best." These opinions may be thought extravagant, yet it is hardly possible "to be guilty of excess in our applause." As BEN JONSON says, "He was not for an age, but for all time."

" Had SHAKSPHARE, great magician, lived in times  
 When idol worship was the public law,  
 He wou'd himself have been a golden god,  
 Erected in some temple's splendid round.  
 Thousands would bend to this great deity,  
 And join in hymns of sweetest melody."

G.C.

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## FLORES HISTRIONICI.

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No. XII.

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ANTIGONE.

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*A Scene from an unacted tragedy of the same name.*(1)

BY EDWARD BALL, ESQ.

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*Scene--Entrance to the Cavern.--Re-enter the Procession.*

*Antigone.* Lo ! how the golden sun already dims  
 The red refulgence of your lab'ring torches !  
 O ! thou bright orb, that wind'st thy course sublime,  
 Across the measureless expanse of heaven,  
 Why hurriest thou so early to thy journey ?  
 Is it to gaze upon my last sad exit ?  
 To meet, and part, and meet no more on earth ?  
 Ye sacred priests, why weep ye thus around ?  
 What, tho' I go, 'tis but to greet my friends,  
 No impious deed consigns me to the tomb :  
 Therefore, ye gods, I raise my hands on high,—  
 Not to invoke your anger on my judge,  
 But to implore your pity, and your love,  
 For him and Thebes.

*(She kneels, priests approach, and bless her during the anthem.)*

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(1) This tragedy has been compressed into 3 Acts, and acted at the Surrey Theatre, vide p. 37. The above scene is from the 4th Act, and has been forwarded to us by a friend of the author's.

*Solo.*

Hear, mighty Jove, hear from thy palace of thunder, our pious supplications unto thee. Last of a royal race, this day a virgin dies.

*Chorus.*

She dies ! she dies !  
Her earthly troubles cease !  
Open ye skies,  
And welcome her to peace.

*Antigone.* Hark how the cadence of your sacred songs,  
Like some sweet harbinger, descends before me,  
To the lone depths of these unfathom'd caves.  
And now I pause again, methinks it seems  
That strain, so soft ! so heavenly musical !  
The melting echo of some holy lyre,  
That woos me to repose. *(She appears to listen.)*

*Melebaes. (To Memnon.)* Alas ! how pale and wild her features seem.

I would not have to answer for her death,  
For thrice the wealth of CREON.

*Memnon.* See how she looks towards Thebes, and wrings her hands,

Her eye is keenly fixed, but not in anger,  
My heart bleeds for her : she speaks again.

*Antigone.* Place of my birth——

Ye holy men, ye weeping friends, farewell  
Scene of my joy and anguish, O farewell !  
To thee, unhappy land, war's courier comes,  
His flaming faulchion hissing in the air,  
Comes to exterminate——soon shall ANTIGONE's wrongs  
Fall heavily upon thee——ha !

*Memnon.* Note how she starts and gazes on the cavern !  
There is much meaning in her half-formed accents.  
The tone of prophecy, hanging upon them,  
Bodes ill to Thebes.

*Melebaes.* Woe hath deranged her senses, for she talks  
To the air.

*Antigone. (Approaching the cave.)* Why did I start and  
weep, 'tis not so dark  
That men should term it hell—that light !—

It breaks this horrible and misty gloom,  
As tho' a thousand fragrant lamps at once,  
Cast forth celestial brilliance.

It overcomes my senses!—Ah, my father!

*(With a burst of joy.)*

Bright welcomes me to yon seraphic dale,  
Where massive palm trees waving ever green,  
O'er golden paths with balmy flowers strewn,  
Weave the cool solitudes of happy ghosts;  
Bless'd spirits hail!—I come! I come!

*(She enters the cavern: a picture of grief and dismay is formed.)*

## DRAMATIC FRAGMENTA.

“We enrich our minds by preserving what our labour  
and industry daily collect.”

WATTS.

### 136.—SCENERY.

It has been a question of much literary controversy, whether, in our ancient theatres, there were side and other scenes. The question is involved in so much obscurity that it is difficult to decide upon it. In SHAKSPEARE's time the want of scenery seems to have been supplied by the simple expedient of writing the names of the different places, where the scene was laid, in the progress of the play, upon large scrolls, which were disposed in such a manner as to be visible to the audience. In the year 1605, INIGO JONES exhibited an entertainment at Oxford, in which moveable scenes were used; and he appears to have introduced in the masques at court several pieces of machinery, with which the public theatres were then unacquainted, as the mechanism of our ancient stage seldom went beyond a painted chair or a trap-door. When King HENRY the Eighth is to be discovered by the Dukes of SUFFOLK and NORFOLK, reading in his study, the scenical direction in the first folio edition of SHAKSPEARE's plays, printed in 1628, apparently from playhouse copies, is, “*the king draws the curtain, and sits reading pensively;*”

for, besides the principal curtains that hung in front of the stage, they used others as substitutes for scenes. If a bed-chamber was to be exhibited, no change of scene was mentioned; but the property-man was simply ordered to thrust forth a bed. When the fable required the Roman capitol to be exhibited, two officers entered, "*to lay cushions, as it were, in the capitol.*" On the whole, it appears, that our ancient theatres, in general, were only furnished with curtains, which opened in the middle, and were drawn backwards and forwards on an iron rod, and a single scene composed of tapestry, which was sometimes, perhaps, ornamented with pictures; and some passages in our old dramas seem to favour the opinion, that when tragedies were performed, the stage was hung with black.

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137.—PUN.

Miss PATON, at a late rehearsal of "*The Beggar's Opera*" at the Haymarket, intimated to the stage manager, Mr. DIBDIN, that she should like to sing the air of "*The miser thus a shilling sees,*" a note higher; to which Mr. DIBDIN replied, "then, madam, you must sing "*The miser thus a guinea sees.*"

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138.—G. F. COOKE.

A physician seeing COOKE about to drink a glass of brandy, exclaimed, "*Don't drink that filthy stuff—brandy is the worst enemy you have.*"—"I know that," replied COOKE; "*but you know the Scripture commands us to love our enemies, so here goes.*"

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139.—CLOUGH AND SHUTER.

Mr. CLOUGH, the actor, had a very peculiar idea of amusement. The most diverting thing in the world to him was a public execution; and he would sooner fail in being at the playhouse on the night he was to act, than omit attending the unfortunate culprits to Tyburn, and be a spectator of the horrors of death in their last moments. He was one night at a coffee-house, when hearing the clock

strike eleven, he abruptly rose and paid his reckoning : an acquaintance of his, sitting by him, asked "What is the matter, CLOUGH ; your hour is not come yet ; you never stir till one ?"—"Ay," replied CLOUGH, "but do not you know there is business to be done to-morrow, and NED SHUTER and I are to attend ?" NED, who had been up all night in a joyous party, was only in his first sleep when CLOUGH called upon him, and could not be prevailed upon to rise : CLOUGH set off for the *scene of pleasure* by himself, vociferating loudly, "was there ever such a fellow ? He has no more taste than a Hottentot !" CLOUGH's taste, after all, was not singular : those who write melodramas, and those who flock to see them, belong to the same class. Lord BYRON, with his fondness for Newgate-calendar heroes, is an exact counterpart of CLOUGH.

140.—THE LATE MR. EMERY.

Dining one day in a mixed convivial party, surrounded by a set of merry wights, the French language and the pronunciation of that tongue became a subject of conversation. "Well ! I'll bet any man in the room a new hat," exclaimed EMERY, "and the wager shall be decided by the present company, that I both *speak, pronounce, and understand* the French language better than *English*." So extraordinary a declaration and challenge upon such a subject, from the *rustic* EMERY, greatly astonished the whole party. At length, however, one of them, not caring so much for the value of the bet, perhaps, as he did for the amusement, which he thought would probably be afforded by putting EMERY to the test, answered, "*Well, EMERY, I'll bet that you can do neither !*"—EMERY, putting on a countenance grave as a judge, replied with avidity, "*Adone ; 'tis a bet.*" Then getting up, he addressed himself to an old friend, who sat opposite, and who, he was aware, knew but very little of the French language.—"Will you, my dear Sir, do me the favour of just saying *good night* in French ?"—The gentleman, with a pronunciation scarcely intelligible, replied, "*bon jour.*" Upon which EMERY observed, "you are wrong, my dear fellow, that is *good day* ; good night, in French, is *bon soir,*"

(which words he pronounced very correctly). Then turning round to the company, he said, "there, gentlemen, I think you must undoubtedly admit that I have won my wager; for, from what you have all just now heard, you must, I am sure, be most perfectly satisfied that I certainly do both *speaking*, *pronouncing*, and *understanding*, the French language better than English." The justness of EMERY's claim was most fully admitted on all sides, when, to the great amusement of the company, it was explained to them, that the name of the gentleman, whom he had addressed on the subject of the French language, was ENGLISH. EMERY, suffice it to say, got considerable credit for his contrivance of the joke.

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141.—DE MONTFORT.

The story of Miss JOANNA BAILLIE's play of "*De Montfort*," some time since revived at Drury Lane Theatre, is founded on an interesting trial for murder, in the last century, of a gentleman who resided near the sea-shore, and with whom the hapless victim had been intimately acquainted in his youthful days. On the evening of the murder, the gentleman (whose name in regard to his family shall be a secret, and whom therefore I shall call Mr. B.) had been surprised by the entrance of his old old comrade, who had been shipwrecked on that part of the coast. Mr. B. welcomed him with apparent cordiality and delight, and invited him to spend a month or two at his hospitable mansion. The guest consented, and next morning was found murdered in his bed. Mr. B. was arrested and tried, but nothing could be proved against him, as he had the gout at the time, until his servant deposed, that, at midnight she heard his door open, and in two or three minutes afterwards, that of the stranger. On this he confessed; and acknowledged, that, what prompted him to commit the horrid deed was, that once at school the other had contended against him for a prize, and won it. He was executed shortly after.

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142.—RECEIPT TO MAKE A MODERN TRAGEDY.

Take a brave hero and a villain, load one with all the

virtues, and the other with all the vices that ever were in existence; jumble them well together, so that sometimes one and sometimes the other may be uppermost. Let the piece be well fermented with battles, and every now and then sprinkle over the whole a few scenes of love; let it all boil together for five *acts*, then let it stand three days to cool, and afterwards serve it up for the stage.

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143.—TARLETON.

The following epigram, from SAMUEL ROWLAND'S "*Letting of Humour's Blood in the Head Vaine*," 1611, while it affords a striking proof of the extent to which the ridiculous custom of wearing slop breeches, or trunk hose, was carried, shows at the same time how much TARLETON was admired and followed for his performance of the clown's part, and will form an additional scrap to the interesting accounts of him lately given in the Drama.

EPIG. 31.

"When TARLETON clown'd it in a pleasant vaine,  
And with conceites did good opinions gaine,  
Upon the stage his merry humours shoppe,  
*Clowns* knew the clowne by his great clownish *sloppe*;  
But now they're gulled, for present fashion says,  
DICK TARLETON'S part gentlemen's breeches plaies;  
In every streete where any gallante goes,  
The swaggering *sloppe* is TARLETON'S clownish hose."

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144.—DR. JOHNSON'S "IRENE."

GARRICK having become manager of Drury Lane in 1749, employed the theatrical power, with which he had just been vested, in bringing out JOHNSON'S tragedy of "*Irene*," which had long been kept back by the want of encouragement: but in this benevolent purpose he met with no little difficulty from the temper of JOHNSON, which could not brook that a drama he had formed with much study, and had been obliged to keep more than the nine years, of HORACE, should be revised and altered at the pleasure of an actor; yet GARRICK knew well, that without some alterations it would not be fit for the stage. A violent dis-



pute having ensued between them, GARRICK applied to the Rev. Dr. TAYLOR to interpose. JOHNSON was at first very obstinate. "Sir," said he, "the fellow wants me to make *Mahomet* run mad, that he may have an opportunity of tossing his hands and kicking his heels." He, however, was prevailed on, at last, to comply with GARRICK's wishes, and permit a certain number of changes, but still not enough to ensure its successful representation.

Before the curtain drew up, there were catcalls whistling, which alarmed JOHNSON's friends. The prologue, written in a manly strain, awed the audience, by the extraordinary spirit and dignity of particular lines, and the play went off smoothly till it approached the conclusion, when Mrs. PRITCHARD, the heroine, was to be strangled in sight, and had to speak two lines with the bow-string round her neck. The audience cried out, "Murder! murder!" and she attempted several times to speak, but in vain; at last, she quitted the stage alive. This passage was afterwards expunged, and she was carried off to suffer death behind the scenes as the play now has it. "*Irene*" was produced on the 6th Feb. 1749, and performed nine nights. JOHNSON received 100*l.* for the copy-right, from ROBERT DODSLEY, and netted 195*l.* 17*s.* by three benefit nights, in the annexed proportions:

	£.	s.	d.
Third night's receipt.....	177	1	6
Sixth ditto.....	106	4	0
Ninth ditto.....	101	11	6
	384	17	0
Charges of the house.....	189	0	0
	195	17	0
Profit.....	100	0	0
Received for copy-right...	295	17	0
In all.....			

#### 145.—PLAY-BILLS.

In the play-bills of the last century, the names of the

principal performers were printed in very large letters ; those of the second-rate, in a somewhat smaller character ; and it was often extremely difficult to suit the size of the name to the ambitious expectations of the actor. Upon the appointment of KEMBLE to the situation of acting-manager of Drury Lane, in 1788, he not only abolished these invidious distinctions, but also the practice of giving the chief performers any precedence in the bills ; assigning to each the situation which the rank of his character in the piece appeared to require. At C. G. T. the custom was not adopted till KEMBLE became manager, in 1803. This reformation was certainly a proof of good sense on the part of KEMBLE, but that it was not an original idea, but merely a revival of an old practice, will be shown by the following paragraph from CHETWOOD'S "*General History of the Stage*," 1749.

"Distinguished characters in bills were not formerly in fashion ; they were printed according to the order they stood in the drama, not regarding the merit of the actor. For example, in '*Macbeth*,' Duncan, King of Scotland, appeared first in the bill, though acted by an insignificant person ; and so every other actor appeared according to his *dramatic dignity*, all of the same sized letter. But latterly, I can assure my readers, I have found it a difficult task to satisfy some ladies, as well as gentlemen, because I could not find letters large enough to please them ; and some were so fond of elbow room, that they would have shoved every body out but themselves." p. 59.

Lambeth, July 12, 1823.

GLANVILLE.

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## THEATRICAL INQUISITION.

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—"All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players."

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HAYMARKET THEATRE.

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Aug. 23.—Sweethearts and Wives—Mrs. Smith—Simpson and Co.

25.—Matrimony—Sweethearts and Wives—Killing and Murder.

26.—Ibid—Young Quaker—"FISH OUT OF WATER"—[1st time.]

The story of this laughable little piece turns entirely on an equivoque, and is entirely intelligible to the audience, although it puzzles an ambassador, an alderman, a steward, and a waiting maid, through two pretty long acts. It is briefly this :

*Sir George Courtney*, [Mr. POPE] is on the point of setting out on a mission to the Court of Denmark, and has therefore increased his domestic establishment to the number which his ambassadorial dignity requires. Two places still remain unoccupied, those of his private secretary and his cook. A little mistake occurs in filling up these vacancies. LISTON applies for the place of cook ; but by a misconception of the steward is installed as secretary. VINING, who had been previously recommended for the same place, arrives too late, but as his object is to be near *Miss Courtney*, he accepts the situation of cook. Here the ludicrous part of the business begins. LISTON examines the new cook as to his fitness for the office in the most scientific way. He is then called upon to make a pot of chocolate, and LISTON is ordered to write an official letter. The awkwardness of the cook puts the secretary in a passion, and he makes the chocolate himself, leaving the other to write the letter. This last is so well executed as to receive the praises of *Sir George*. Just then, *Alderman Gayfare*, [Mr. YOUNGER] the father of VINING arrives, and having discovered the attachment of his son to *Miss Courtney*, and presuming him to be the real secretary, he agrees with *Sir George* that the two young ones should be married. In the mean time *Sir George* sets the secretary [LISTON] to write a penitential letter to his father, in which his ignorance and vulgarity are so apparent as to procure for him a disgraceful expulsion from the house. The *denouement* then arrives. *Charles* marries *Miss Courtney*, and LISTON is transferred to his real office in the kitchen.

The author is, we are informed, Mr. LUNN, who has already obtained some distinction for the amusing after-piece "*Family Jars*." The present farce was eminently

burlesque Sir WALTER SCOTT. The farce was very deservedly condemned at the end of the first act, and scarcely any thing was heard of it afterwards.

10.—Gay Deceivers—Sweethearts and Wives—Fish out of Water.

11.—Highland Reel—Simpson and Co.—Family Jars.

12.—Match-making—Sweethearts and Wives—Fish out of Water.

13.—Twelve Precisely—Heir at Law—Ibid.

15.—Gay Deceivers—Sweethearts and Wives—Ibid.

16.—Sweethearts and Wives—Highland Reel.

17.—Gay Deceivers—Beggai's Opera—Fish out of Water.

18.—Ibid.—Ibid.—Ibid.

19.—My Grandmother—Sweethearts and Wives—Family Jars.

After the overture to "*Sweethearts and Wives*" was played *twice* over, and the audience had waited rather impatiently for the commencement of the piece, Mr. VINING appeared, and intimated that the delay was caused by the unexpected absence of Mr. LISTON. The audience dissatisfied called for the manager, when Mr. TERRY came forward and observed, it was quite unprecedented for Mr. L. not to be punctual, and doubtless he would be present in a few minutes if no accident had occurred to him. The piece commenced, and LISTON, as *Billy Lackady*, came on at his proper part with his book in his hand, and addressed the audience :—

"*Ladies and Gentlemen,—I trust you will grant me your indulgence, as I hope you are aware of my customary attention to my duty ; I can assure you that it was not my fault. I was deceived myself, being informed that the first piece would take an hour and a quarter, which has proved not the case, and therefore I could not help it, and I hope you will excuse me.*"—Great applause followed. Mr. L. then threw the whole of his serious humour into his countenance, and began his performance with the usual expression, "*This comes of reading novels,*" which allusion completely convulsed the house with laughter.

20.—Lord of the Manor—My Grandmother—Simpson and Co.

22.—My Grandmother—Sweethearts and Wives—High Life below Stairs.

23.—Lord of the Manor—A Roland for an Oliver—Fish out of Water.

24.—My Grandmother—Sweethearts and Wives—Family Jars.

### ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

Aug. 23.—La Diligence—Monsieur Tonson—Presumption !

25.—*A Day at an Inn*—Ibid.—Ibid.

This was the farce of "*Killing no Murder*" cut down to a one-act piece, and contained little more than the character of *Bushin*—*Apollo Belvi* was left out entirely. MATHEWS was uncommonly clever where he transforms himself into all the domestic personages of the inn: nothing could exceed the rapidity of these transformations, or the cleverness with which they were supported.

26.—Bee-hive—Ibid.—Free and Easy.

27.—TOO CURIOUS BY HALF; or, *Marplot in Spain*—[1st time]—Gretna Green—Presumption !

This is one of Mrs. CENTLIVRE's superannuated comedies cut down to the dimensions of a two act operatic entertainment, and is a sort of continuation of the "*Busy Body*;" it is full of ladders, secret closets, sliding pannels, Dons and Donnas, Alguazils and Corregidors. Our stage has been surfeited a dozen times over with these trickeries, and deceptions, and escapes of Spanish comedy; and it is quite enough to set one yawning to cast the eye over a *dramatis personæ* of *Don Diegos* and *Donna Isidoras*. We have no intention to give any notice of the story of this piece, because we are bound to presume that all our readers are acquainted with every thing which has been written for the stage, in this country at least, for a thousand years past. The acting is all we have to notice, and of that we shall speak but slightly. WRENCH played *Marplot*, and was all life, spirit, and humour: the character itself is highly ludicrous although an improbable one. The eternal curiosity which is continually flinging him into all sorts

of misadventures, and bringing upon his unlucky head the most unmitigated cudgellings and merciless duckings, was touched off in the finest manner by this fidgetty bustling mercurial actor ; he was, in fact, the only relief to the mass of dullness around him. PEARMAN played *Col. Ravellin* in his old strain ; we like this gentleman's singing much better than his acting, for he now and then gives us a note or two very sweetly and skilfully. BAKER was *Charles Gripe*, but we cannot praise his performance much. In the female part of the cast we had Miss DANCE, Mrs. WEIPPERT, Miss HOLDAWAY, and Mrs. GROVE, and they amply made up for the deficiencies in the male cast.

28.—Highland Reel—Too Curious by Half—A Day at an Inn.

In consequence of an accident happening to Miss DANCE, by the overturning of a gig, "*Is He Jealous ?*" was substituted for "*Too Curious by Half*."

29.—Too Curious by Half—Promissory Note—Presumption !

30.—Bee-hive—Too Curious by Half—Monsieur Tonson.

Sept. 1.—GUARDIANS OUTWITTED ; or, a *Bold Stroke for a Wife*—[1st time]—Ibid.—Ibid.

This piece is another of Mrs. CENTLIVRE's comedies, the "*Bold Stroke for a Wife*," shorn of its beams, and cut down to a two-act opera. For the life of us we cannot understand the meaning of the system of mutilation which the managers of this theatre seem to be carrying on. " 'Tis wond'rous strange" that our fine old plays should be "curtailed of their fair proportions," and cheated of feature by dissembling play-menders. If the practice be long continued there will not be left a five-act play in the English language. MATHEWS plays in this piece a legion of characters—a *Colonel*, a *Coxcomb*, a *Dutchman*, a *Steward*, and a *Quaker*, no small number of personages (says a critic) to represent in these days, when the thermometer is obstinate enough to keep above 80. His performance of the *Dutchman*, the *Steward*, and the *Quaker*, were the best points, and these were in the richest and truest keeping ; they were the most perfect specimens of assumed character we ever saw. Miss KELLY's *Ann Lovely* was good ; the part is too subordinate to allow of any thing more. Mr. BARTLEY, Mr. BAKER, and Mr. J. KNIGHT, played

with spirit, and the piece in consequence met with approbation.

2.—Ibid.—Ibid.—Bee-hive.

3.—Miller's Maid—I will have a Wife—Presumption!

4.—Guardians Outwitted—Too Curious by Half—Monsieur Tonson.

5.—Youthful Days of Gil Blas—My Aunt—Gordon the Gipsy.

6.—Polly Packet—Presumption!—Guardians Outwitted.

8.—Hit or Miss—Ibid.—Ibid.

This piece gave Mr. MATHEWS (as *Dick Cypher*) an ample opportunity for the display of that peculiar talent for fun and frolic in which he stands unrivalled and supreme. It has been objected to this piece, that it represents scenes which the rules of the legitimate drama do not sanction. Unquestionably it is a piece which cannot be said to promote moral improvement, or indeed to be scarcely consistent with general notions of rational amusement. But although it deals in follies, they are follies which exist, and daily occur in real life; although it represents ludicrous scenes, these scenes are the true and correct reflection of that state of society which they are intended to depict. Such an exhibition may not be to the taste of many, but to those who have not visited Molesey Hurst, or Doncaster, or TATTERSALL's, or such places of gay and fashionable resort, Mr. MATHEWS supplies an animated representation of the scenes passing there, that could only be conveyed through his inimitably comic and imitative powers. The auction at TATTERSALL's was in a strain of peculiar excellence; and not only the manner of the auctioneer, but the voices and deportment of many of the well-known visitants there, were given with an effective accuracy to which the applauses of a crowded house bore ample testimony. The principal entertainment of the piece is comprised in a brace of sporting songs, and altogether *Dick Cypher* may be regarded as a second edition enlarged of *Corinthian Tom*, embracing points of "flash and cant" which were omitted by the author of the celebrated piece of "*Life in London*." Mr. POWER, as *O'Rourke O'Daisy*, spoke with so very Irish an accent, that we could easily believe he had qualified for the part in the wilds of Cunnemara, or in some

such region, in which a language, intended to be English, is occasionally spoken.

9.—Ibid.—I will have a Wife—Monsieur Tonson.

10.—A DUN A DAY—[1st time]—Gil Blas—Presumption!

We have again to add an instance of the good fortune which has attended this theatre during the present season. The manager has certainly been most indefatigable in catering for the public amusement, and he has met his reward. The present novelty is a light sketch, and the story runs somewhat as follows:—*Young Rakely* [BAKER] is a young man of fashion, who, of course, runs into all kinds of indiscretion and extravagance, and is teased for cash by a dun a day in constant succession; indeed their visits are so regular, that they are soon distinguished by the spendthrift, and his servant *Shirk*, [MR. W. CHAPMAN] as the *Monday Dun*, the *Tuesday Dun*, &c. In the midst of all this dunning, *Young Rakely* is in love with *Caroline*, a rich orphan, [MISS CARR] who will not consent to marry him until he is reconciled to his father. We now come to the visitation of *Mr. Plush*, [BARTLEY] who is extremely solicitous for the discharge of his "little account;" it is in vain that *Young Rakely* and *Shirk* endeavour to get rid of him, and he is at length only comforted by the assurance that the young man's speedy marriage will settle his demand; at this time a letter is received from *Old Rakely*, [MR. ROWBOTHAM] remonstrating with his son on his abandoned course of life, and giving him little hope to expect his forgiveness. This is a sad blow for the tailor, who trembles for his bill; for the young man, who fears for his mistress; and for the servant, who has an odd thought or two about his place and his wages. *Shirk*, however, always fertile in invention, hits upon a scheme to secure the lady, and after some difficulty, which gives occasion to a few humorous touches in the way of dialogue, persuades *Young Rakely* to own the tailor as his father, and thus secure the lady. *Plush* hesitates, but thinking the plan will reward him with payment, consents to be drilled by *Shirk* for the part which he is suddenly called upon to play by the introduction of *Caroline*, attended by her servant *Frill* [MRS. J. WEIPPERT]. Here the principal part of the humour lies. The awkward mistakes of the tailor,



and his unlucky allusions to the peculiarities of his profession, are very ludicrously managed, and told extremely well with the audience. There was nothing very new or pointed in the jokes, but they were thrown in with considerable tact; and that with a farce, as with most other matters, is of great importance. At this juncture, we should remark, *Old Rakely* arrives, and overhears *Caroline* and *Frill* ridiculing the supposed father. The mistake is explained, and these parties agree to play off in turn upon their neighbours. The result of all this is, that *Old Rakely* pays his son's debts, *Caroline* gives him her hand, and *Frill* is equally kind to *Shirk*. Mr. BARTLEY, as *Plush*, had the most to do; he certainly had not the appearance of a fashionable tailor from the neighbourhood of Bond Street or St. James's, as little, likewise, had he the appearance of "the ninth part of a man;" however, he exerted himself in the most earnest manner for the success of the piece. *Shirk* found an admirable representative in CHAPMAN. The piece is a very pleasant trifle, and was announced for repetition amidst general applause.

11.—Hit or Miss—Miller's Maid—Guardians Outwitted.

12.—A Dun a Day—Presumption!—Too Curious by Half.

13.—Hit or Miss—A Dun a Day—Guardians Outwitted.

15.—Ibid.—Ibid.—Review.

Mr. MATHEWS played *Caleb Quotem* for the first time since his return from America. The part is admirably adapted to his versatile powers, and the rapid utterance, aspen motion, and quickness of eye, requisite for the effective announcement of his various professional duties, was given with an astonishing volubility of tongue, and the most humorous composure of countenance. He introduced the song of "*The Volunteer and the Sham Fight*," which was loudly *encored*. In exposing the follies of a regiment of London volunteers, the address of the colonel at the close of the review was in an amusing strain of pompous inanity. At the conclusion of the address, the gallant officer enjoins his men, on their return home, to drink as a toast, "May the volunteers of this parish be a terror to all the world." Miss HOLDAWAY looked very pretty and very affected. RAYNER played extremely well, and sustained the high reputation he has already attained

in characters which require the display of rustic manners and domestic sensibility.

16.—Ibid.—Ibid.—Monsieur Tonson.

17.—A Dun a Day—Gretna Green—Presumption!

18.—Hit or Miss—I will have a Wife—Guardians Outwitted.

19.—A Dun a Day—Miller's Maid—Presumption!

20.—Review—Monsieur Tonson—Hit or Miss.

22.—Ibid.—Ibid.—Ibid.

23.—Ibid.—Ibid.—Ibid.

24.—Blind Boy—Adopted Child—Presumption!—[Benefit of Mr. WALLACK.]

## MINOR DRAMA.

### SURREY THEATRE.

Aug. 25.—The FOULAHS; or, a *Slave's Revenge*—[1st time.]—A more interesting piece, or, at least, one more adapted to touch the tender feelings of the soul than the present, has seldom been produced on a minor stage. It is full of those heart-rending and affecting incidents which but too frequently arise from that odious traffic in human blood—the slave trade; and well portrays the miserable situations and sufferings to which the blacks are doomed by their iron-hearted employers.

*Cato*, a Foulah slave [SMITH], attempts the life of his master the planter, *Worthy* [GALLOT] in consequence of some severity formerly practised towards him; he is, however, foiled in his dreadful purpose, and is condemned to die, but through the intercessions of his sister *Ora*, [Mrs. BARRYMORE] also a slave in the service of *Worthy*, joined with those of the planter's wife and children, *Cato's* life is spared, but only on condition of his being immediately conveyed to some other plantation, where *Worthy* trusts he will find the same kind treatment which he has always bestowed on him. *Cato* is immediately dragged from his presence, and by his overseers is sold to *Gastineau* [HENDERSON], a neighbouring French planter, whose cruelty is proverbial. *Gastineau*, well knowing his high and stub-

born spirit, uses the lash with never-ceasing severity, until nearly spent out by the continued round of correction, *Cato* is obliged to dissimulate and cries for mercy. This is granted; but *Gastineau*, doubting this sudden humility, has him closely watched, when he surprises him urging the slaves to rise in rebellion against their oppressors, and by murdering them escape from bondage. *Cato* is in consequence locked up in the strong room, from which, however, he escapes, by loosening an enormous beam, and meeting with *Gastineau*, wrests his gun from him and shoots him dead. Then arming himself with his pistols, and still urged on by revenge, bends his course towards *Worthy's* dwelling. On his road he is met by his sister, who, unconscious of the murder, and being aware of the severity practised towards him by the French planter, gives way to his request, and conceals him in a deserted cottage near to *Worthy's* habitation. A price of two hundred dollars is set on the murderer's head, and bands of troops scour the country in search of him. *Cato*, however, in the dead of the night, by stratagem gains admittance into *Worthy's* house, and, after some very interesting business, receives a wound in the arm from a shot fired by the planter's wife at the moment when he had nearly put an end to the existence of her husband. Incapacitated from accomplishing his purpose, he snatches up the child of *Worthy*, and eluding pursuit, gains the woods. He is, however, hotly chased, and after some highly picturesque and well-managed situations, at length falls by the united fire of a band of soldiers, who opportunely arrive at the instant when the wife and child of *Worthy* would have been sacrificed to a "slave's revenge."

Mr. SMITH, the stage manager, made his first appearance for the season as the vindictive slave, and his *entrée* was greeted by the most enthusiastic plaudits. We have often had occasion to notice in the most favourable manner the exertions of this highly meritorious actor; and we never felt more gratification in awarding him our approbation than we do on the present occasion. His performance was of a grandly terrific description, and his whole appearance in some parts was quite unearthly, and really made us shudder. His delineations of the various passions

which agitate the breast of the revengeful slave were terrifyingly correct to nature. The overcharged bursting heart, the proud yet manly demeanour, the thirst for revenge, and the extacy on accomplishing part of his dreadful plans, were gems of acting not often seen on a minor stage. His look, his action, when first he felt the lash of his second master, *Gastineau*, actually thrilled our blood. Immense applause was his reward. *Ora*, the sister to *Cato*, was a fine-drawn character. She is the very opposite to her brother; she possesses feelings, sentiments, and manners, mild, generous, grateful, and conciliating. Her struggles between love for her brother, affection for her mistress, and gratitude to her master, were admirably pourtrayed by Mrs. BARRYMORE; she is a most useful and excellent actress. GALLOT, as *Worthy*, was respectable; and HENDERSON, as *Gastineau*, gained considerable applause by his representation of the barbarous Frenchman. We scarcely recollected the harmless old *Amen Squeak* in the "*Rochester*" of the Olympic in his severe and ruthless countenance. We must not omit to notice that charming little creature, Miss VINCENT; her performance of *Henry* evinced a great precocity of talent and knowledge of stage business. The author of the piece is, we believe, Mr. W. BARRYMORE, and we cannot conclude without also awarding him a share of approbation. The "*Foulahs*" is a production which will uphold his well-earned melo-dramatic fame; the incidents are powerfully interesting, and the mind is kept constantly on the alert from the commencement to the conclusion. The scenery was particularly excellent, the costumes new and correct, the dances appropriate, the music, (by ERSKINE) charming, and the whole loudly applauded by a house crowded to suffocation.

Sept. 8.—Mr. J. REEVE made his appearance on this stage in the comic sketch of "1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, by *Advertisement*," and was received with immense applause. He has since played his "*Bachelors' Torments*," which is really a most extraordinary performance. All the world has seen him; we shall not therefore analyse his "*Grace Extraordinaire*" at present, but merely observe that it is the very acme of comic delineation.

15.—PAOLI; or, *the Bride of Corsica*—[1st time.]—

The plot of this piece is as follows :—*Celanie*, [Miss KIMBELL] under the protection of *Pietro*, [LOVEDAY] passes for his niece, but is the daughter of the proscribed and unfortunate *Paoli* [H. KEMBLE], the general of the Corsicans, who, after the battle of Mariano, seeks shelter among the mountains, and finds with the faithful *Pietro* not only an asylum, but his daughter, who is beloved by *Julius Doria*, [BLANCHARD] the son of the Genoese governor of the island. *Paoli*, from a sense of injuries and oppression from the Genoese, compels his daughter, at the tomb of her departed mother, to take a solemn oath never to wed one of that nation. The Corsicans also swear to immolate every native of the island who shall have wedded, or who may hereafter wed a Genoese. *Celanie*, having been privately united to *Doria*, places *Paoli* in the situation of judge against his own offspring. The *amor patriæ* prevails, and after endeavouring in vain to persuade his daughter to renounce *Doria*, he leads her to her fate. This is the leading feature of the piece; but although there are some situations of strong and powerful interest, yet, on the whole, the drama is far from being so pleasing as it might have been made. KEMBLE, as *Paoli*, gave us a somewhat striking picture of the magnanimous chieftain suffering under the most unmerited injuries; his manner of adjuring his daughter at her mother's tomb was very excellent. LOVEDAY, as the honest-hearted *Pietro*, amused us much, and received great approbation. Miss KIMBELL is making rapid improvement; we shall shortly pay her the tribute her talents deserve. The dresses were characteristic, and the scenery good. BLANCHARD and AULD had a combat, which was executed in a masterly style.

22.—*IWAN; or, the Mines of Ischimski*—[1st time.]—This two-act piece is from the pen of Mr. BALL, the best writer of melo-dramas of the day, and although perhaps it is not equal to his *Thalaba*, *Antigone*, and several others, yet it is possessed of considerable interest, the language is good, the situations striking, and not improbable. The story is made up of very slight materials. *Iwan* [RAYMOND] was the youthful friend of *Kasarinoff*, [CLIFFORD] until the sight of *Nedora* [Miss POOLE] provokes a rivalry. *Iwan* proves the favoured lover. *Kasarinoff*, in-

flamed with passion, resolves upon their destruction, and fires the house they reside in. *Nedora*, with her infant and some faithful followers, effect their escape; but *Iwan* is seized, and by order of his rival, who poisons the mind of the *Emperor* against him, is confined in the mines, from whence (when the piece opens) he has just escaped, after twenty years separation from his family. About this time his son, *Uronski*, [MRS. PINDAR] in a hunting party encounters the *Emperor*, [GALLOT] who, exhausted with fatigue, and having lost his followers, is relieved by the boy, to whom the *Emperor* gives a ring, and a request when he is in distress to call on the merchant, *Altradoff*. During the youth's absence, *Kasarinoff*, finding that *Iwan* has escaped, and has sought refuge in the very cottage of his wife and son, a second time consumes their dwelling. *Uronski*, learning the perfidy of *Kasarinoff*, and that his parent still exists, repairs as directed to the merchant, and states to him the injuries himself and family have sustained. The *Emperor*, learning the treachery of his minister, resolves to punish his perfidy, and assuming a disguise, repairs to the great mine of *Ischinski*, where the wretched *Iwan* is once again a prisoner, by the power of his rival, together with his wife. A discovery takes place, and retributive justice overtakes *Kasarinoff*, who, with his agents attempting to escape, are blown up in the mine—the very mode of death he had planned for *Iwan* and his family, who are released by the *Emperor*, and restored to their former rank and possessions.

Mrs. PINDAR, as the affectionate son, acted in the most natural and delightful manner: this lady throws a certain air of forceful reality into all her performances, which always renders them extremely pleasing. Applause was most liberally bestowed on her efforts. HERRING, as the honest-hearted peasant, *Petrowitz*, was highly comic, and therefore amusing; his songs were much relished. A Mr. RAYMOND, whom we recollect at Astley's last season, was respectable as *Iwan*. Miss POOLE, Miss BENCE, and Miss TUNSTALL, sang pleasingly, and looked charmingly. The "rest, residue, and remainder," would have disgraced RICHARDSON'S booth. The scene painters are deserving of commendation for the series of highly-finished views they

have given to the piece. The snow-scenes and bold rocky caverns are in the first style of the art, and received great applause. The piece was successful.

### COBOURG THEATRE.

Sept. 15.—The INFANTICIDE; or, *the Bohemian Mother* —[1st time.]—Our remarks upon the productions of the Minor Theatres have lately been scarcely any thing else than a tissue of praises, but we can assure our readers that those commendations have not been unworthily or undeservedly bestowed; for these dramas, whatever they may be deficient in other respects, have certainly had interest of the most intense description to cause their favourable reception in public approval, and we cannot belie our consciences by “praising or blaming what praise or blame deserves not.” The follies of these minor managers our pages will prove we are not inclined to pass over with lenity; we have wielded, and shall still wield our critic lash with unsparing severity wherever and whenever we think it is demanded, but we certainly cannot withhold our unqualified commendation when we find every exertion has been made to elicit it from us: this is the case in the present instance, and we are happy in awarding the proprietors and managers of this house that approval which they decidedly deserve. “*The Infanticide*” is possessed of incident sufficient to interest even those minds whose finer feelings are deadened by that ill fortune which is but too often an attendant on our path in this life, and being of a somewhat domestic nature, the lessons which it teaches find their way home to the heart. The plot is founded on that never-failing material a tale of seduction, but, unlike most of those tales, it is unaccompanied by crime, remorse, anguish, and despair; and, on the contrary, ends in the complete happiness of those whose struggles during “their sad eventful history” had been attended with the tears and sympathetic regrets of all the fair witnesses of their miseries. *Louise* [Miss EDMISTON] has been basely seduced and left by *Leopold*, [STANLEY] and, to avoid the discovery which must inevitably take place, she leaves her

father's, *Count Rheinalt's* [BENGOUGH] house, and seeks refuge in the home of a cottager, *Dulwitz*, [SLOMAN] whence she is soon after arraigned on suspicion of having murdered the infant witness of her shame : her father sits in judgment, and from the strong host of evidence which appears against her, she is found guilty and condemned to die. Her lover, however, returns from a long campaign in the army just in time to delay the execution, to discover the long-lost child, and to save *Louise* from a cruel and undeserved death.

The actors displayed proofs of talent seldom witnessed within the walls of a minor theatre, their exertions were most praiseworthy. Miss EDMISTON gave a highly-wrought picture of the wretched mother, branded with infamy at every step, cursed by all, yet innocent of any crime, and hated, scorned, and shunned as a guilty murderess, although free from offence or transgression. To point out any particular trait in her performance would be impossible, the whole was so decidedly equable and excellent, although her acting in the last scene when before her father and her judge deserves to be particularly noticed ; it was imbued with feeling, tenderness, and sensibility, and drew the tear of pity (the great proof of an actor's powers) from the eye of every auditor. Mr. BENGOUGH also acted with great judgment and skill ; his display of the agonizing emotions, by which he is tortured and distracted, at learning that the guilty wretch is his own lost daughter, cannot be surpassed by any one on the minor stage. STANLEY was most effective as the repentant seducer. Our late remarks seem to have had a good effect on this gentleman ; we are glad of it, and we award him our approbation for his performance in the piece under notice. These three personages received (what they well deserved) the heart-felt applause of a crowded house. The piece was enthusiastically received, and has been repeated since every evening.

STANISLAUS ; or, *the Siege of Dantzic*.—This melodrama is a very near relation to the "*Siege of Saragossa*," noticed in our last volume, and consists in the almost super-human efforts of a sort of Amazonian Princess, by name *Alexandra*, [Mrs. STANLEY] to deliver her exiled King and ruined country from the miseries and dangers with which they are threatened by foreign invaders.



The piece is not of the most interesting description, but the sentiments and acting have rendered it somewhat of a favourite. Mr. BENGOUGH played the exiled monarch, *Stanislaus*, with great judgment and effect; and Mrs. STANLEY, as the heroine, was warmly energetic in the sacred cause she had espoused. The piece has been played several nights, but has been laid aside to make way for another novelty, "THE GIPSY DUMB BOY," which has been very successful.

### VAUXHALL GARDENS.

Sep. 12. This was the last night of a very prosperous season. We have so often had occasion to notice the brilliant arrangements that have been made by the liberal proprietors of these Elysian fields that we really can say nothing new on the subject; neither shall we be expected so to do, when we inform our readers, that the *Fête* of the last night was called "*A Grand Union Gala*," and which combined every splendid decoration and design of the season. All the illuminations that were displayed on every preceding gala night appeared in tenfold radiance, and presented a scene of extraordinary magnificence.

We cannot close this, our last notice, without expressing to the Proprietors our sense of their profuse liberality in catering for the amusement of the Public, by whose patronage they have been so amply rewarded during the season—to the active Master of the Ceremonies, our approbation for his attention to the visitors which has been unremitting—and to all those whose activity has so materially contributed to the preservation of that order and decorum which have so much distinguished the Gardens since they have been in the hands of the present managers. The following neat address was delivered by Mr. MALLINSON.

#### LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

I am instructed by the Proprietors of these Gardens, so highly honoured by the Especial Patronage of the King, the presence of Royalty, the most Distinguished of the Nobility, and the British Public, respectfully to state, that they have partaken too largely of your liberality and kindness, not to experience a feeling of regret at the approach of this period, fixed upon for the termination of the season.

It has been marked by the most unfavorable weather ever remembered : yet, aided by your cheering protection and support, under all this disadvantage, they have the gratification of making known, that more Persons, by many thousands, have attended this year, than the last, when the Gardens were opened under new auspices, with very powerful attractions, and with the finest weather.

The Proprietors, Ladies and Gentlemen, mention this circumstance with grateful pride, as it at once proves the high popularity of Vauxhall ; and they trust they may be permitted to remark, the general satisfaction which has rewarded their earnest and incessant endeavours ; a more propitious season must have added largely to their pecuniary resources, but could not have increased their gratitude.

Since the last season, a very large sum has been expended on various new Buildings, and in adding to the interest, comfort, and convenience of the visitors ; they have also, that no variety might be wanted, either to gratify difference of taste, or the desire for a quick succession of diversions, added the *Ballet* to the other exhibitions of the evening, with a success that, to judge from the applause it has received, has been complete.

The exceeding popularity of the *Juvenile Fete* has been most encouraging ; honoured as it was, by families of the first consideration, it is now firmly established in public favour ; and will be repeated annually, with due attention to two material points, the finest weather, and the most convenient period of the Holidays. And it is highly gratifying for the Proprietors to know, that in every thing relating to the various amusements, and the highly sanctioned Concerts, throughout the season, as well as to the Arrangements, Refreshments, Wine, &c. they have had the satisfaction to experience the most unequivocal approbation.

To the past they look with pleasure, and with hope to the future, relying on your esteemed Patronage, and with the most zealous determination—that excellence in every department shall be the standard for their exertions.

For the Proprietors, and for every member of this establishment, permit me, Ladies and Gentlemen. to offer their united and heartfelt acknowledgments ; and most respectfully to take our leave !

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